

THE  
*Unfortunate General* :  
OR, THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE *641. f. 12*  
*60*  
Life and Character  
OF  
CATO.

Together with a *Key*, or *Explanation* of  
the *New-Play*, call'd

CATO, a TRAGEDY.

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*The Key or Explanation to the History, and  
Play of Cato.*

**T**HE Life of *Cato*, which is lately Published, not mentioning some Persons which are Characteris'd in Mr. *Addison's* Tragedy of that great Man, we shall refer our selves to all those Names mention'd in his *Dramatis Personæ*, because they seem to indigitate or point at some Noted Persons of Quality living in the present Age. The first of *Cato* himself, the Chief Subject of that Gentleman's Play, and who (we suppose) is brought in to represent the Duke of *Marlborough*, famous not only for his great Success in War, but also for his Admirable Sedateness and Presence of Mind in time of Battle.

As for *Lucius* and *Sempronius*, the first is made a Coward, and the other a Turn Coat, as the Play seems to Represent, (by wrong Characters) two great Ministers of State, now in Favour, whose Fame for Loyalty to their Queen, Love to their Country, and Zeal for the Church of *Eglnand*, will never Decay.

*Juba*, Prince of *Numidia*, Represents the Emperor of *Germany*, who esteems the Duke of *Marlborough*, for Relieving the Empire from *Bavaria*.

*Syphax*, General of the *Numidians*, seems to represent Prince *Eugene*, as if he wanted or desired the same Applause as his Grace.



*Portius* and *Marcus*, the Sons of *Cato*, Represent the two Brother's of the Duke's, who were Preferr'd or Advanc'd by him.

*Decius*, an Ambassador from *Cesar* to *Cato*, is meant the Messenger which the Deceas'd Emperor sent to the Duke, to Congratulate his Success at the Battle of *Bleinheim* and *Hochstet*.

*Marcia*, the Daughter of *Cato*, representing the Baroness *Rialton*, (the Eldest Daughter of the D.) a Lady of Incomparable Goodness and Virtue.

*Lucia*, the Daughter of *Lucius*, shews her to be a Lady in Goodness and Virtue, equal with *Marcia*.

*Great Marlborough is the Hero whom the Play,  
Did Lively represent the other Day,  
Before the Audience of the British Stage,  
For He's the Hero of the present Age:  
Whilst Cato's Virtue's are esteem'd Divine,  
In Famous Marlborough they'll ever shine;  
Nay, Future Ages to their Seed shall Tell,  
That Marlborough's Fame, did Cato's Fame Excell.*

The End of the Key or Explanation.





THE  
UNFORTUNATE GENERAL:  
OR, THE  
History of the Life and Character of  
*Marcus Portius Cato Uticensis, &c.*



THE Subject of our following History is on the famous *Marcus Portius Cato*, the Great Grandson of that *Cato*, who by his Incomparable Virtues gain'd an Admirable Estimation among the Ancient *Romans*; and this his Grandson was commonly call'd *Uticensis* from the place of his Death, for he laid Violent Hands on himself in the 48<sup>th</sup>. Year of his Age, which was in the 707<sup>th</sup>. Year from the Building of *Rome*. He was, by the early Loss of his Father and Mother left an Orphan, and was brought up by *Livius Drusus*, his Uncle by the Mother's side. From his very Infancy he discover'd a great Disposition to Virtue, and how earnestly his Love of Liberty for his Country

Country was Rooted in him, even when he was not about 14 Years of Age, may be perceived by his Expression of his to his Tutor *Serpedo*, who being carried by him to *Sylla's* House, then *Dictator*, and perceiving the Heads of several great Men brought thither, who had Displeased the *Dictator*, he said, *Alas! Durst no Body Kill this Man?* The Tutor reply'd, *No Child; because every one fear him, more than they hate him.* Quoth the Child again, *Give me a Sword, and I'll Stab him, to free my Counry from this barbarous Slaavery.* His Sincere Integrity incited *Vellius Paterculus* to give him this Just *Ethconium*, *He was a Man that was not only the true Picture of Virtue, but also the very Original of it.* And *Cicero* gives no less a Character of him in these Words, *Contingebat in eo, quod plerisque contra solet, ut magora omnia re, quam fama viderentur; id quod non saepe evenit, ut expectatio a cognitione, aures ab oculis vincerentur.* In English thus, "It happen'd to him, that which on the contrary does not for the most part to other Persons, to the end all great Things may seem more famous in him, than what Fame reports of others; and such matters do not often come to pass, that the Expectation may be Surpriz'd by Thinking, as well as the Ears by seeing."

Being arrived to the 21<sup>st</sup>. Year of his Age, and the *Gladiators* War breaking out in *Italy*, this *Cato* enter'd himself a Volunteer under *Lucius Gellius*, who was chosen *Prætor* of the Army to Subdue those Rebels; and again<sup>t</sup> whom this Worthy Person behaving himself very Valiantly, he was sent a Tribune into *Macedonia*, where he had the Honour of having one of the Roman Legions under his Charge, and mightily endear'd himself to his Soldiers, by always acting a part in what he Commanded them; and by his Apparel, Diet and Labour, he seem'd more like a private Centinal than an Officer: Moreover, when his Time of Service in the Army had an Expiration, he receiv'd not only the Prayers and Praises of all the Soldiers at his Departure but likewise

likewise their Unfeigned Tears and Embraces ; spreading their Garments at his Feet, and Kissing his Hands as he pass'd along, which was an Honour never before show'd to any of their *Generals* whatever.

But before *Cato* would return Home, he resolv'd to Travel over *Asia*, and at *Ephesus* was met by *Pompey* the Great, who Honour'd him in not receiving him sitting, but rising up to Embrace and Welcome him as one of the most Noble Persons of *Rome*. Next proceeding to pay a Visit to *Deiotarius*, King of *Galatia*, that Prince made him very great Presents, which *Cato* would neither receive nor suffer a Distribution of them among his Retinue. When he return'd Home, he held many Philosophical Disputations with *Atbenodorus*. His Advancement to the *Questorship* was his first step to Civil Preferment ; and such a good Patriot was he for his Country, that he was always observ'd to be the first Man who came to, and the last who return'd from the Senate-House. In the 31<sup>st</sup>. Year of his Age, he was Declared one of the *Tribunes* ; which high Office he the rather took upon him, to prevent one *Mitellus Nepos* from having it, who for Honour and Interest did not care what became of his Country. Whilst *Cato* bore this Office, *Cataline's* Conspiracy, which was one of the greatest Plots ever contriv'd against *Rome*, was Detected, and this Worthy Person in Authority was not wanting in giving the Chief Malefactor his Deserts, if his Judgment had not been Over-rul'd by an Oration made by *Julius Cæsar* in the Defence of the Conspirators ; but when *Cato* found that *Cæsar's* Haranguing the Senate, had inclin'd the Majority of the Senators to Votes of Clemency and Mercy, *Cato* with a great deal of Heat, Declared those whom *Cæsar* Interceded for ought to Die, as Rebels to their Country, and that the Safety of a whole Common-Wealth ought to be preferr'd before the Security of a few Private Persons, whose Wickedness had excited them to Destroy thousands, with the loss both of Law and Liberty. In  
which



which Speech he not only shew'd his great Reason and Autterity of his Manners ; but also the true Stroaks of his constant Temper, and true Image of an Honest Mind.

So Affiduous was *Cato* for Liberty and Property, that tho' the *Tyrannical Party* gather'd Strength and Strength more and more, yet his undaunted Spirit strongly resisted their Proceedings even to the hazard of his Life, as being once assaulted with Sticks and Stones by the Faction. Now *Rome* had scarce tasted but 4 Years Respite from *Cataline's* Conspiracy, e're *Cæsar*, *Pompey* and *Crassus* enter'd into a firm but fatal Combination, which tended to this Purpose ; *That no manner of Thing should be acted in the Common-Wealth against any of their Interests or Approbations.* Which League *Cato* deem'd to Strike at the Foundation of the *Roman Liberty*, and would Consequently prove the Prelude to a *Civil-War*. Besides, when a Law was Proposed to *Cato*, concerning the Distribution of the Provinces and Legions for *Cæsar*, he told *Pompey*, *That he was unwise to take Cæsar upon his own Shoulders, because he would grow too weighy for him at last, and when it was too late to lay down the Burden, as being not able to bear it any longer, he would fall too heavy with it upon the Commonwealth.* For almost 8 Years the chiefeft Matters were carried on in the Commonwealth by the Artifice and Grandeur of the abovesaid three Men ; but at length *Crassus* was cut off with a mighty Slaughter of his Forces in the Wars of *Parthia*, after whose Fall *Cæsar* and *Pompey* began to grow jealous of each others Growth and Design, and *Cæsar's* famous Exploits and Victories over the fierce *Gauls* and *Germans* made his unaccountable Conquests formidable to *Rome*, but his vast Riches made *Pompey* as uneasy, as *Pompey's* Dignity did *Cæsar's* ; because the one could no more bear an Equal, than the other could a Superiour ; and they both strove for to have it all in one Man's Hands. When News came that *Cæsar* had passed the River *Rubicon*, taken *Ariminum*, and was coming

coming with his Army towards Rome, Pompey then confess'd but too late, that Cato had spoken like a Prophet, when he told him, If you had believ'd me, and took my Advice you would not now have been in fear of only one Man. Great Tumults and Dissentions daily encreas'd at Rome, and the City was daily fill'd with horrid Murders and Quarrels, to allay which Cato advis'd the Senate to put the Army under Pompey's Command; who finding he had not sufficient Forces, he and Cato forsook the City together, though at the same time he had an equal Aversion for the Heads of both Parties, as justly surmizing, that on whomsoever the Fate of Civil War conferr'd the Conquest, the Victor would certainly invade the Republick: And from the unhappy Time of the Civil Wars breaking out, Cato never cut his Hair, nor shav'd his Beard, wore no Garlands, and was never seen to smile, but shew'd a constant Sadness, deep Grief, and sorrowful Dejection in his Looks and Gesture, for the sad Calamities of his native Country. To behold his Temperance was really very admirable, and inimitable by all Mankind, for he accounted every Thing a Banquet that but satisfied his Hunger, every House (if ever so mean) a Palace that secur'd him from the Inclemencies of Weather, and every Garment (if ever so ordinary) a Robe of State, that was but Probf against the Inconveniences of Cold and Rain: His Chastity caus'd him to think the Increase of Kind, was the chief End of Marriage; he was really a Father and Husband to his City, a Courter of true Justice, a Maintainer of severe Honesty, and good to all Mankind.

For some time Cicero stood *neuter* in the War, and when at last he came to find Pompey in his Camp, Cato gave him such a severe Reprimand for his *Neutrality*, that Cicero was so confounded with the Authority thereof, that he took the first Opportunity of retiring, and never came up the Battle of *Pharsalia*. This Cato had the Government of *Sicily* allotted him, and accordingly

cordingly passed over to *Syracuse*, the chief City of that Island ; and his mild and gentle Laws, that no City belonging to the *Romans* should be sack'd, nor Citizen kill'd in cold Blood, won *Pompey* all *Italy*, and his extream Courtesy at *Rhodes*, all *Asia*. When *Pompey* had obtain'd a signal Victory over *Cæsar's* Men in a Battlé at *Dyrrachium*, and all rejoyc'd at the Success thereof, *Cato* nevertheless bewail'd his Country, and curs'd that fatal Ambition, which made so many brave *Romans* murder one another : For as he walk'd over the Field of Battle, where he beheld the dreadful Spectacle of Heaps of the *Roman* Citizens lying dead, he cover'd his Face and wept, notwithstanding they had fought in the Army of the common Enemy. *Pompey* well enough knew that *Cato* would be too faithful to the Interest of the Common-wealth, when he conquer'd ; therefore when that great General foollow'd *Cæsar* into *Thessaly*, he durst not trust *Cato* with the Command at Sea ; wherefore after the Defeat in the Plains of *Pharsalia*, *Cato* went into the Island of *Corfica*, and afterwards coming to the Coast of *Africk*, he, and those that went him thither, met with *Sexus*, the youngest Son of *Pompey*, who brought them the melancholly News of his Father's Murther in *Egypt* ; upon which the Soldiers declar'd *Cato* for their General, which Trust he receiv'd with some Regret, and with 10000 Men march'd towards the City of *Cyrene*, which presently receiv'd him : And here he design'd to have winter'd, but being inform'd that *Scipio* (*Pompey's* Father-in-Law) was received by King *Juba*, and that *Appius Varus*, whom *Pompey* had left Governor of *Lybia*, had join'd them with his Forces, *Cato* took a Resolution of marching towards them by Land. Accordingly he goes from *Cyrene* towards the *Lybian* Desarts ; and here the Constancy of *Cato* is not a little to be admir'd, who always marched on Foot at the Head of his Troops ; always drinking the last, nor that neither, 'till all his whole Army had undergone



undergone the extreameſt Thirſt, and were running to quench it at the Wells, which they found in thoſe wild Deſerts. Ever after the Battle of *Pharſalia*, it was the Cuſtom of *Cato* to ſit at Table, and added this to his other ways of Mourning, that he never lay down (as it was the Cuſtom of the *Romans*) but to ſleep. At laſt he arrived at *Scipio* and *Juba's* Camp, where the Insolence of that King of the *Barbarians* was very diſguſtful to him, and where the Affairs alſo of *Scipio* and *Varus* went very ill, by reaſon of their Diſſentions and Quarrels among themſelves, and their great Submiſſions and Flatteries to King *Juba*, whoſe haughty Spirit *Cato* by his great Wiſdom pull'd down, and reconcil'd him and the Generals to one another: Nay, ſo great an Admirer was *Juba* of *Cato*, that Mr. ADDISON endeavouring to bring upon the Stage (and not without Succeſs) a Perſon ſo Illuſtrious for his Virtues and Sufferings, he brings in *Juba* giving this Character of *Cato*, in his Tragedy. *Act I. Scene IV.*

- “ To ſtrike thee dumb, turn up thy Eyes to *Cato* !  
 “ There mayſt thou ſee to what a God-like Height  
 “ The *Roman* Virtues liſt up Mortal Man.  
 “ While good, and juſt, and anxious for his Friends,  
 “ He's ſtill ſeverely bent againſt himſelf ;  
 “ Renouncing ſleep, and Reſt, and Food, and Eaſe,  
 “ He ſtrives with Thirſt and Hunger, Cold and Heat;  
 “ And when his Fortune ſets before him all  
 “ The Pomps and Pleaſures that his Soul can wiſh,  
 “ His rigid Virtue will accept of none”.

The whole Army was ambitious of having *Cato* to be their Commander ; and *Scipio* and *Varus* willingly condeſcended to their Deſire, but *Cato* would not accept of the Poſt, as being ſenſible a Pro-prætor ought not to command a Pro-conſul. Then *Scipio* taking upon him the Command of the Army, he reſolved to put the Inhabitants of *Utica* to the Sword, and to raiſe

the City, having took *Cæsar's* Part ; but *Cato* abhorring such a Hostile Reprizal, he deliver'd it from *Scipio's* Wrath, and took the Government of that City upon himself : And knowing it was a strong Place which would be of great Consequence to either Party that had it, he improved the Fortifications, laid up great Stores of Corn, repair'd the Walls, erected Towers, and made deep Trenches and Outworks round about the Town, insomuch that he was able to make a vigorous Defence against *Cæsar*, whenever he laid Siege to it ; for *Cato* was resolv'd to have Recourse to Death, rather than his Eyes (which could behold nothing but Scenes of *Roman* Liberty) should be blasted with the abominable Sight of the Inslaver of *Rome*, who was also no less hated and abhor'd by his Sons *Marcus* and *Portius*, whom Mr. *ADDISON*, in his Excellent Play of *CATO*, brings in thus speaking on the Stage. *Act I. Scene I.*

*M A R C U S.*

“ Thy steddý Temper, *Portius*,  
 “ Can look on Guilt, Rebellion, Fraud, and *Cæsar*.  
 “ In the calm Lights of mild Philosophy,  
 “ I'm tortur'd, even to Madness, when I think  
 “ On the proud Victor : Every Time he's named  
 “ *Pharsalia* rises to my View. ——— I see  
 “ Th' insulting Tyrant prancing o'er the Field, (ter,  
 “ Strow'd with *Rome's* Citizens, and drench'd in Slaugh-  
 “ His Horse's Hoofs wet with Patrician Blood.  
 “ Oh ! *Portius*, is there not some chosen Curse,  
 “ Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of Heaven,  
 “ Red with uncommon Wrath, to blast the Man  
 “ Who owes his Greatness to his Country's Ruin ?

*P O R T I U S.*

“ Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an Impious Greatness,  
 “ And mixt with too much Horror to be envy'd :  
 “ How does the Lustre of our Father's Actions,  
 “ Thro'

" Thro' the dark Cloud of Ills that cover him,  
 " Break out, and burn with more triumphant Greatness!  
 " His Suff'rings shine, and spread a Glory round him;  
 " Greatly unfortunate, he fights the Cause  
 " Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty, and Rome.  
 " His Sword ne'er fell but on the guilty Head;  
 " Suppression, Tyranny, and Pow'r usurp'd,  
 " Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon 'em.

Now *Cæsar* being successful in all his Enterprizes hitherto, he set Sail for *Africk*, to make a compleat End of the Civil War, where in a bloody Engagement he overthrew the two Armies of *Scipio* and *Juba* near the City of *Thapsus*; which Victory caus'd *Scipio* to fall on his own Sword, and *Juba* to command one of his Slaves to kill him, that they might not survive this Disgrace. However *Cæsar* having a great Veneration and Respect for *Cato*, he sent *Decius* his Embassador to him, to offer him his Friendship on any Account, before he besieged *Utica*. See how Mr. ADDISON makes him speak to *Cato*, in his Tragedy. *Act II.*  
*Scene I.*

" *Cæsar* is well acquainted with your Virtues,  
 " And therefore sets this Value on your Life:  
 " Let him but know the Price of *Cato's* Friendship,  
 " And name your Terms.

The Consequences of overthrowing *Scipio* and *Juba* were so great, that all that Part of *Africk* came under the Subjection of *Cæsar*, except the City of *Utica*; the Reduction whereof was the only Task now remaining for his Arms; and it being not long before *Cato* was certainly inform'd of *Scipio's* Defeat, by some of the Cavalry that had escap'd the dreadful Slaughter, he resolv'd to hold out the Siege of *Utica*; but what with the Faintness and Irresolution of some of his Senators, for he had establish'd a Kind of Senate in *Utica*, which



which he had compos'd of 300 *Romans* of good Quality, and the Treachery of others, he could not animate and win them to the Resolution of taking his Counsel in opposing *Cæsar*, as may be seen by the Characters which Mr. *ADDISON* gives of *Lucius* and *Sempronius* in his Tragedy, Act 2. Scene 1.

L U C I U S.

" My Thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on Peace ;  
 " Already have our Quarrels fill'd the World  
 " With Widows and with Orphans ; *Scythia* mourns  
 " Our guilty Wars, and Earth's remotest Regions  
 " Lie half unpeopled by the Feuds of *Rome* :  
 " 'Tis time to sheath the Sword, and spare Mankind.  
 " It is not *Cæsar*, but the Gods, my Fathers,  
 " The Gods declare against us, and repell  
 " Our vain Attempts. To urge the Foe to Batt'e  
 " (Prompted by blind Revenge, and wild Despair)  
 " Were to refuse th' Awards of Providence,  
 " Now let us show Submission to the Gods.  
 " We took up Arms, not to revenge our selves,  
 " But free the Common-wealth ; when this end fails,  
 " Arms have no farther Use ; Our Country's Cause,  
 " That drew our Swords, now wrests 'em from our  
 " And bids us not delight in *Roman* Blood, (Hands,  
 " Unprofitably shed ; what Men could do  
 " Is done already : Heav'n and Earth will witness,  
 " If *Rome* must fall, that we are innocent.

S E M P R O N I U S.

" *Syphax*, we both were in the Verge of Fate :  
 " *Lucius* declared for Peace, and Terms were offer'd  
 " To *Cato* by a Messenger from *Cæsar*.  
 " Shou'd they submit, e're our Designs are ripe,  
 " We both must perish in the common Wreck,  
 " Lost in a general undistinguish'd Ruine.

At

At length *Cato* finding his Authority was too weak to subdue the Cowardice of his supposed Friends, after having quell'd several Tumults and Mutinies in the City, he chang'd his Thoughts of a Defence for others more agreeable to his Character; and News being that *Cæsar* was on his March with all his Army, towards *Utica*, he gave out his Orders with admirable Prudence and Resolution, and besides assisting many of his Friends to save themselves by Sea, others he advis'd to rely on *Cæsar's* Goodness, and gave a particular Charge and Exhortation to his Children, never to meddle with the Affairs of the Common-wealth. Moreover it was time for *Cato* to leave off heading what Party he had with him in *Utica*, when *Syphax* the General of the *Numidians* to *Juba*, prov'd also perfidious to the concerted Measures of him and his royal Master as Mr. *Addison* represents his Character in his Tragedy of *Cato*, Act 3. Scene 1.

“ Our first Design, my Friend, has proved abortive ;  
 “ Still there remains an after-game to play :  
 “ My Troops are mounted; their *Numidian* Steeds,  
 “ Snuff up the Wind, and long to scow'r the Desert:  
 “ Let but *Sempronius* lead us in our Flight,  
 “ We'll force the Gate where *Marcus* keeps his guard,  
 “ And hew down all that would oppose our Passage.  
 “ A Day will bring us into *Cæsar's* Camp.

One Night *Cato* being at Supper with several of his particular Friends, among whom were some grave Philosophers, he utter'd this Stoical Maxim, *That the Virtuous only were happy and free, but wicked Men always miserable and in slavery.* He spoke it with so much Vehemency, Warmth and Passion, that his Friends suspected he had something more than ordinary in his Mind; and their Fears were the more increased, when seeing *Lucius Cæsar* had offer'd to fall on his Knees before his Victorious Kinsman to beg *Cato's* Life, *Cato* would

would not condescend to it, saying, *He would by no means owe his Life to the insulting Power of a Tyrant.* Soon after Cato going to Bed, he took Plato's Discourse of the Immortality of the Soul; and having read a little while, he looked for his Sword, which had been laid aside by his Sons and Friends; but missing it, he called for one of his Servants to bring it him, which Command brought his Sons and Friends into his Bed-Chamber, on whom looking sternly, he said, *That a Man firmly resolv'd to dye, had no need of the Help of a sword, nor could miss of a way to Death, since he could banish Life by Drowning, or Poyson.* His Son wept at this Discourse, and with his Friends and Philosophers left the Room, after which his Sword was restor'd to him; then examining the Point, he laid it by, saying, *Now I am Master of my self.*

Although Cato had a positive Design to lay violent Hands on himself, rather than survive the Ruin of his Country, yet his rigid Virtue permitted him to conceal his Sentiments and Intentions, disguising and masking the true Face of stern Resolution with such a sedate and compos'd Behaviour, that *Lucan*, a famous Poet, put to Death by *Nero*, could not but take notice thereof as follows.

——— *Talis cupit ipse videri  
Civibus, ut qui non donatam a Cæsar vitam  
sperneret.*

Which I, thus Translate.

*Such to the Roman Citizens,  
Great CATO seem'd to be,  
As if from Cæsar he'd not scorn  
His Life and Liberty.*

Cato's seemingly sedate and compos'd Behaviour made his Children and Friends not mistrust any approaching



proaching Harm ; but as soon as Day appear'd, he snatch'd up his Sword, and thrust himself through the Breast, but not dying immediately, he staggeringly fell upon his Bed, and threw down a Table, the Noise whereof alarm'd his Son and Friends, who running in to his Room, they found him (to their unspeakable Grief and Surprize) with his Bowels out of his Body : But his Eyes were yet open, and his Physician laying him upon his Bed, he put up his Bowels which were not hurt, and closed up the Wound : But *Cato* recovering his Spirits, and transported with Fury, he thrust back the Physician, rent open the Wound, and tearing his Bowels expired before his Eyes. Thus dyed this Great Man in the 48<sup>th</sup> Year of his Age, was Honourably buried by the *Uticans* near the Sea side, and had also a Statute Erected by the Citizens to his Memory, holding a drawn Sword in his right Hand. After this *Utica* was presently Surrender'd to *Cæsar*, who being inform'd how *Cato* had slain himself, cry'd out, *Renowned Cato, had Envy'd him the Glory of Saving his Life ; and for that Reason I Envy his Death.* The famous *Brutus*, condemn'd in some of his Writings the Death of *Cato*, and mention'd, that the manner of avoiding such Disgraces as Providence sends upon us, was an unjustifiable Attempt against the Power of Heaven, and Wicked in the Eyes of Men ; nevertheless he refuted his own Opinion by falling on his own Sword after the Battle of *Philippi*, so left *Portia*, the Daughter of *Cato* whom he Married, a Widow ; but Mr. *Addison* gives her the Name of *Marcia*, in his Tragedy, where in *Act 5. Scene I.* he brings her thus in Praying for the good Repose of her Father, after he went the very last time to Bed.

O ! Ye Immortal Powers, that Guard the Good,  
Watch round his Couch, and soften his Repose,  
Banish his Sorrows and becalm his Soul

C

With

With easy Dreams, remember all his Virtues !  
And show Mankind that Goodness is your Care.

And next behold the Noble Character which *Lucia*, the Daughter of *Lucius*, gives *Cato*, as Mr. *ADDISON* sets forth in his Excellent Tragedy, *Act V. Scene I.*

Alas ! I tremble when I think on *Cato*,  
In every View, in every Thought I tremble !  
*Cato* is stern, and awful as a God ;  
He knows not how to wink at Human Frailty,  
Or pardon Weakness that he never felt.

*Cato*, to whom Nature had given an incredible and wonderful Severity of Soul, and who had inviolably confirm'd it all along by an unshaken'd Constancy of Mind and Heroick Bravery, and kept up to the Tenor of his Designs and Principles to the very last, was oblig'd to Dye rather than live to look Tyranny in the Face. Likewise the Son of *Cato* (although he had given way to an Irregular Amour in the Heat of Youth) inherited a great Portion of his Father's Magnanimous Soul, and Died with a deal of Glory in the the Battle of *Philippi* : For when *Brutus's* Wing was broken by *Octavius Caesar's* Troops ; and young *Cato*, who Commanded under *Brutus*, saw that all must be inevitably lost, he ran into the thickest of the Enemies Battalions, and uttering aloud his own Name and his Father's, was Slain amidst a heap of Foes that fell beneath his furious Resistance. Now *Africk* being entirely subdu'd, *Caesar* return'd to *Rome*, in Triumph for all his Victories, the Solemnity whereof was continued for 4 successive Days. In the Triumph of the last Day were carried the Descriptions of the Deaths of *Scipio*, *Petereius*, and *Cato* : But the numerous Spectators no sooner perceiv'd

perceiv'd that the Conquerour took a Pride in insulting over the Misfortunes of the Renowned *Cato*, he being represented in the Pageant tearing his own Bowels; but their Joy's were turn'd into extream Sorrow, and their esteem for *Cæsar* sunk into an absolute Hatred of his Barbarity, in exposing so great and brave a Man, whom Mr. *Addison* in his Tragedy thus bravely represents his Dying, *Act 5. Scene the last.*

Here set me down ———

*Portius* come near me.-- Are my Friends embark'd?  
Can any thing be thought of for their Service?  
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain. ———  
O! *Lucius*, art thou here?—Thou art too good! —  
Let this our Friendship live between our Children;  
Alas, poor Man, he weeps!—*Marcia*, my Daughter—  
—O bend me forward! — *Juba* loves thee, *Marcia*.  
A Senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* survived,  
Wou'd not have match'd his Daughter with a King;  
But *Cæsar's Arms* have thrown down all Distinction;  
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a *Roman* ———  
——I'm sick to Death—O when shall I get loose  
From this vain World, th' Abode of Guilt and Sorrow! —  
——And yet methinks a Beam of Light breaks in  
On my departing Soul. Alas! I fear  
I've been too hasty. O ye Pow'rs, that search  
The Heart of Man, and weigh his inmost Thoughts,  
If I have done amiss, impute it not! ———  
The best may err, but you are good, and ——— oh!

These Words Mr. *ADDISON* makes his last, which indeed shew'd a *Stoical* Principle, great Bravery, and undaunted Resolution to his Life's End.



Though the Persons mentioned by the Author of the *Life of Cato*, lately publisht, are not all the same, which *Mr. Addison* hath made use of in his Tragedy, yet are they very suitable to his Purpose, in that their different Characters, very lively represent the several Designs to which he hath adapted them, for making *Cato* a true and faithful Patriot for his Country, he would agree on no other Terms than these to be reconcil'd to *Cæsar*.

Bid him Disband his Legions,  
Restore the Common Wealth to Liberty,  
Submit his Actions to the Publick Censure,  
And stand the Judgment of the *Roman* Senate.  
Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his Friend. *Act. 2. Scene I.*

To which *Decius*, an Embassador from *Cæsar* to *Cato*, reply'd like a true and faithful Servant on his Master's behalf.

A Scile like this becomes a Conqueror. *Act. 2. Scene I.*

*Lucius* and *Sempronius* were two Senators, the first whereof was (though contrary to *Cato's* Mind) inclinable to Peace, for avoiding the more Effusion of *Roman* Blood, which how much soever Temerity it might shew in the Cause, yet was he faithfull to *Cato* to the very last, as it appears by this Exclamation of his when he beheld *Cato* breath his last Gasps.

There fled the greatest Soul that ever warm'd  
A *Roman* Breast. O *Cato*! O my Friend!  
Thy Will shall be Religiously observ'd.  
But let us bear this Aweful Corps to *Cæsar*,  
And lay it in his Sight that it may stand  
A Fence betwixt us and the Victor's Wrath;

*Cato,*

*Cato*, tho' Dead, shall still protest his Friends.  
 From hence, let fierce contending Nations know  
 What dire Effects from civil Discord flow ;  
 'Tis this that shakes our Country with Alarms,  
 And gives up *Rome* a Prey to *Roman* Arms,  
 Produces Fraud, and Cruelty and Strife,  
 And robs the guilty World of *Cato's* Life.

( Act. 5. Scen. 1.

'Tis true, *Sempronius*, pretended to more Fidelity to *Cato*  
 than honest *Lucius* ; in seemingly pretending to espouse *Cato's*  
 Cause to the uttermost Brink of Ruine ; but his pretended  
 Friendship was only a Mask for his Treachery, as appears  
 by these Lines.

All, all is read.

The *Fraction* Leaders are our *Friends*, that spread  
 Murmurs and Discontents among the Soldiers.  
 They count their toilsome Marches, long Fatigues,  
 Unusual Fastings, and will bear no more  
 This Medley of Philosophy and War.  
 Within an Hour they'll the Senate-House.

Act. 2. Scene I.

And the Answer of *Syphax* the *Numidian* General was as  
 perfidious, when he says thus.

Mean while I'll draw up *Numidian* Troops,  
 Within the Square, to exercise their Arms,  
 And, as I see Occasion, favour thee.  
 I laugh to think how your unshaken *Cato*

Will

Will look aghast, while unforeseen Destruction  
 Pours in upon him thus from every side,  
 So where our wide *Numidian* Wafts extend,  
 Sudden, th'impetuous Hurricanes descend,  
 Wheel thro' the Air, in Circling Eddies play,  
 Tear up the Sands, and sweep whole Plains away.  
 The helpless Traveller, with wild Surprise,  
 Sees the dry Desert all around him rise,  
 And, smother'd in the dusty Whirlwind, dies. }

*Act II. Scene I.*

*Juba*, Prince of *Numidia*, was a faithful Ally  
 to *Cato*, and in Love with his Daughter *Marcia*,  
 as he thus very passionately expresses himself to  
 her.

Hail, charming Maid, how does thy Beauty smooth  
 The Face of War, and make ev'n Horror smile!  
 At Sight of thee my Heart shakes off its Sorrows;  
 I feel a Dawn of Joy break in upon me,  
 And for a while forget th'Approach of *Cæsar*.

*Act I. Scene IV.*

And indeed *Marcia* the Daughter of *Cato* was  
 no less in Love with *Juba*, if she was sincere in  
 this Expression.

I've been surprized in an unguarded Hour,  
 But must not now go back: The Love, that lay  
 Half smother'd in my Breast, has broke thro' all

Its



Its weak Restraints, and burns in its full Lustre,  
I cannot, if I wou'd, conceal it from thee.

*Act IV. Scene I.*

*Lucia*, the Daughter of *Lucius*, and sole Companion of *Marcia*, was as great an Admirer of *Portius*, the Son of *Cato*, tho' his other Son *Marcus* also courted her, as may be perceiv'd in the following Words.

Suppose'twere *Portius*, cou'd you blame my Choice?  
O *Portius*! Thou hast stoln away my Soul!  
With what a graceful Tenderneſs he loves!  
And breathe the ſoſteſt, the ſincereſt Vows!  
Complacency, and Truth, and Manly Sweetneſs  
Dwell ever on his tongue, and ſmooth his thoughts.

*Act I. Scene IV.*

*Marcus* and *Portius*, the two Sons of *Cato*, were both in Love recited, but her Affections were ſolely ſetled on the latter, and not the former, who was kill'd in Battle; and perhaps had as real a Love for *Lucia* to them, as his ſurviving Brother, if theſe his Words may be credited.

Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia*'s Abſence  
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a Burden;  
And yet when I behold the charming Maid,  
I'm ten times more undone; while Hope and Fear,  
And Grief, and Rage, and Love riſe up at once,  
And with Variety of Pain diſtract me.

*Act III. Scene I.*

Now *Marcus* the Rival of *Portius* being dead he has the lesser Difficulty to obtain *Lucia*. Thus have we given you the noble Life of *Cato*, according to the Descriptions of an Historian, and a Poet, both whose Characters of him is very commendable, and that which might be pleasing also to the incomparable *Cato* at his Death, must be undoubtedly the News of the Death of *Sempronius*, who was not only treacherous to *Cato*, but also design'd to have ravished his Daughter *Marcia*; and of perfidious *Syphax*, the *Numidian* General, the first of which fell by the Hand of *Juba*, the Prince of the *Numidians*, in a Duel; and the other slain in Battle by *Marcus*, a just Reward for their unaccountable Villany.

---

F I N I S.

# SHANE